THE WORKERS'
# DREADNOUGHT

Socialism, Internationalism, Votes for All.

Vol. IV.—No. 26 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd, 1917 Price One Penny

## THE GLORY OF WAR: By a Young Soldier

The hot July day was drawing to a close in the area behind the British Line, activity was just beginning, ammunition limbers were pulling out of their refilling point and making for the long straight road that led to the guns which occasionally barked in the distance. Now and then a high velocity shell would come screaming through the air and burst somewhere in the waving cornfields doing little or no damage but only making the artillery drivers on their horses, pull down their shrapnel helmets a little further over their eyes in readiness for the shower of steel that often met them as they approached the gun positions. Away in front, and so high in the air as to be almost invisible, a few of our planes were dodging the big black puffs of shrapnel that always greeted them as they crossed the German lines. Away in the far distance one could distinguish the Boche observation balloons as they hung motionless, a source of evil to our batteries and any traffic that might be on the roads in the forward area.

Outside his tent in the little camp just by the village sat Desmond. Three short years ago he had been a rising young surveyor, and beside that, an ardent lover; in fact, it was just three years this very night since he had taken Evelyn for a long walk in the country and had proposed to her, been accepted, and begun that glorious week or two which ended so abruptly when the War began on the 4th August.

He had thought it over for a couple of days, then like a man he had decided, and as soon as he could arrange to leave everything in order, he had broken the news to Evelyn and enlisted. Evelyn, he remembered, had taken it well and had managed to keep a brave face until he bid her goodbye and the train bore him away to Chatham on the 29th August. Now, after two years in France varied only with just a short seven days leave in England, he sat and mused outside his tent. Yes! he had been very lucky and successful, not only was he a clever sergeant but he was a good chum and universally liked by the boys who were lucky enough to be under him; moreover to-morrow was to be his last day up the line for some time. He had secured an appointment as Instructor at a school of signalling, some distance back and there he would be as safe as if he were in England. Yes, he would certainly get married, he would ask his Commanding Officer for a special leave. In the morning he was to accompany him on a reconnaissance early, and it would be just the opportunity, at present he would write and tell Evelyn of his intentions so that she could make the necessary arrangements. He wrote for just over an hour, enclosed the letter in a green envelope that he had saved for such an occasion, and strolled to the Field Post office and put it in the bag himself so as to be quite sure it would go at once, then feeling contented and at peace with everyone he turned in.

The next day he was up with the dawn and after a hasty breakfast of bread and butter he hurried off to meet the Commanding Officer, who was already waiting in his car. Desmond jumped in and the two of them were whirled away up the line until it was unsafe for the car to go further. Here they got out and walked until they reached a shell stricken village where for safety's sake they took opposite sides of the road and quickened their pace to get past the scarred walls and frowning ruins. They had nearly reached the school where they would enter the communication trench when with scarcely a warning murmur a "wizz-bang" dropped and burst almost at Desmond's feet. It was over in a second, without a sigh he fell a limp, lifeless mass upon the uprooted pavé. His Commanding Officer, after one glance to make sure he was beyond recall, took cover, but only three more shells dropped in the village and then the officer came out and after a last look at what, a few minutes before, had been his best sergeant turned with a groan, for he was really deeply moved and had a tender heart, and made off to arrange to have the body moved to the Mortuary. That night under cover of darkness a cart managed to reach that awful village and bring back poor Desmond's remains ready for the funeral the next morning.

The following day dawned beautifully and by 9.30 the sun shone in a sky of purest blue. Round the corner of the pretty country lane a procession wended its way at the slow march. The flapping kilts of the pipers were leading, the pipes playing "Flowers of the Forest," sounding strangely like the mourning cries of so many human beings, the drums muffled in their black shrouds made a lasting impression upon one, and then following the band and borne on the backs of four brother sergeants and covered with the Union Jack, was our chum of yesterday. I fell in with the hundred odd mourners and followed until the British Cemetery was reached. Here after a short burial service the body was lowered into the grave and the pipes played "The Land of the Leal."

Slowly and sorrowfully I returned to camp. I thought of Evelyn and the little grey-haired mother who had watched and waited with fear gnawing at their heartstrings for two long years. How pleased they would be when they received Desmond's letter telling of his decision to marry and how excited over the prospect of seeing his dear face once more in the near future, and then I shuddered to think of the appalling and paralysing blow that would be dealt them, when following close on the heels of the letter the dreaded buff envelope was opened and the War Office telegram read out. It would mean for sure two broken hearts and perhaps the poor grey-haired old lady would give up all hope and die—the downfall of all poor Evelyn's fondest hopes and dreams. Oh my God! How awful, and to think that people and newspapers still prattle of the Glory of War. There may be deathless heroism but to the brave and anxious women who sit at home watching and waiting, and to the men who flounder in mud and blood and face death in its most treacherous and mutilating forms—War is not glorious—it is only a most filthy, and as it seems—necessary evil.

## Of Special Interest This Week!

### THE DISINHERITED
### By E. Sylvia Pankhurst

### SUGAR CARDS ann INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION

KEIR HARDIE'S ROOM AT NEVILL'S COURT

## BEWARE INDUSTRIAL CONSCRIPTION!

We all know to-day the evils of military conscription. If ever, unfortunately, industrial conscription for men and *women* should be established the evils attendant upon it will be found to be not less great. There can be no question that there is a strong move in that direction, and the War Office appeal for 10,000 women a month vividly recalls the Derby Scheme and the recruiting campaigns which preceded the Military Service Acts. Sir Auckland Geddes seems likely to play the part of Lord Derby in this latest scheme.

There is reason to fear that the sugar register may be used for the purposes of industrial conscription. The Executive Committee of the Workers' Suffrage Federation has passed the following resolution on this question:—

"The Workers' Suffrage Federation is of opinion that detailed particulars of occupation and as to the schools attended by children are not needed for the distribution of sugar, but that these may be necessary to the creation of a scheme of industrial conscription. Therefore, in view of the fact that the sugar register may be used as the basis of industrial conscription, just as the National Register was used as the basis of military conscription, the Federation calls for the withdrawal of the present registration forms and the substitution of forms in which the columns dealing with occupation and the children's schools shall be omitted."

Those who agree with this resolution will probably think it wisest not to give details as to employment and the children's schools.

Without the enactment of industrial conscription and with many Government pledges against it, the thing, as applied to men, is steadily growing and spreading throughout industry. On September 17th, a meeting of workmen was held at the gates of Portsmouth Royal Dockyard to protest against the introduction of industrial conscription there. Mr. Gourd, G.L.U., quoted a case in which the name of a bricklayer was forwarded to the military authorities because he refused to go to work unless his tram fare, etc., were paid. Exemption and medical classification cards are being inspected at Enfield Royal Small Arms and Gunpowder Factories and it is expected that large numbers of men will be replaced by discharged soldiers. Will these men in receipt of pension act with the same freedom as other workmen?

### STOCKHOLM ONLY POSTPONED.

The organising committee of the Stockholm Conference has issued a statement denouncing the "brutal action" of the Entente Powers in withholding passports, and stating that the conference will be held as soon as present difficulties have been overcome. It calls on the working classes of the world to unite to enforce their rights.

# THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT

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## THE DISINHERITED

Poor little East End babies, wan, wistful little creatures with tiny claw-like fingers. You with the sad, dark eyes half-closed, and head that droops limply on wrinkled neck. You with the pinched white face, always frowning. You with the harsh skin, cracked like that of someone very old. Rare amongst you is the babe with the chubby face, and the glad, wondering eyes; eyes filled with inner light, seeming to look at us still through the haze of another world. Rare little blossom, even you are marked with the blemishing scab of Impetigo, hideous poverty sore.

Crowded together in the half-light, close to the front door of the Mothers' Arms, is a group of toddlers waiting to be taken into the Park, plucking with impotent little fingers at the door latch, edging up close against the passage wall, scraping with busy, impatient little feet upon the floor.

"Those little children have nearly all lost their fathers," says the assistant nurse. She stretches her hand to one of them: "It breaks your heart to hear this little girl talking about her daddy." She turns to the babies in the perambulator, and continues the awful tale. "Her father is in France, and his: we don't know where they are; and hers is killed." Rumours of Peace? Indeed, it is time such rumours should be true!

Upstairs in the Montessori Room children aged from two and a-half to four years are working, striving to make order and to build and plan. They are matching and arranging shapes, textures, colours, sounds and weights; weights they test with the eyes blindfolded, weighing little slabs of wood on their palms to tell which is the heavier: so the senses are trained. Scarcely a child will leave his or her chosen task till it is finished; till the tower of cubes is built or the cylinders of various sizes have been dropped into the sockets made to fit them, till all the button-holes are filled with buttons, till the last letter of the word is complete. The child of the far-away eyes, removed from us by a cloud of fairyland which envelops her, dreams by her tower, but will not leave one cube unplaced. The tiny students are gaily radiant; happiness clothes them because they are following out the natural human instinct to make order and to create. In this pleasant room is an atmosphere of harmony; no harsh words; no violence, either of action or of speech. But even here, if you listen by the window, the sound of the gunmakers' tools will reach your ears. Even here there is difficulty in buying the cheap little garments and the simple food that the children need. Two tiny scholars are absent; father is ill, and, therefore, mother cannot afford even 6d. a day for her children's food and training. This house is an island of peace for children; an island set in a sea of economic exploitation, and often washed by the waves and chilled by the spray of that bitter sea.

Heartbreaking sorrow and poverty is all around us. In the little shop, the cheery woman who never faltered at any hardship, is broken at last by the knowledge of dear friends and relatives done to death on the battlefield, and by the fear of home-wrecking raiders in the sky. She cannot get stock for her shop; her window is almost empty.

Day by day the lads' mothers come to us, humble and patient; first they come for advice in hastening the few grudgingly-spared, long-delayed shillings of their allowances. Then when the lad is killed they come weeping to claim the pension and the little things which are all that remain of him.

Day by day the letters of broken men come to us:—

"I am in a very distressed condition. I am late Lance-Corporal of ——. I enlisted in 1914, leaving a good situation to do my duty as a man. Now discharged, disabled, shot through hand at battle of the Somme. Pension 15s. a week. The War Pensions Committee could not find work I could do. My brother, who was working in Yorkshire, got me a situation there. I sold the bit of home me and my wife had, to pay my riding expenses, and my wife had to battle the best way she could. I could not keep my work owing to my wound, and came back to London with no home to go to."

A common story, one of the commonest stories of the War. And presently, no doubt, to that home, as to the others, will shortly be born yet another poor little baby, stricken in the very hour of its conception with unnatural care.

Children of suffering, you are the victims of all this waste and folly. Deepest of all is the poignancy of your martyrdom; feeble, joyless and full of wailing you came into the world.

Confound their politics, poor babies, for this is what their politics have made of you. Confound their War, poor wilted human blossoms, for all this wealth they lavish to procure a victory should be spent on you. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has told us that "*without the aid of the United States the financial position of the Allies would have been in a very disastrous situation to-day.*" That means that all the accumulated wealth, which the parents of such as you have stored up by generations of hard, poorly requited toil, has been dissipated in warfare. From childhood to death the mass of your parents has laboured with never a day's holiday or sickness paid for, and for all their toiling and pinching, they have gone out of the world at last as penniless as they came in.

When the Trade Union Congres representatives waited on Mr. Bonar Law, urging the conscription of wealth, he tried to make them believe that taxation is now so drastic that the thing has virtually been done. Let him come down to these slums and contrast them with Piccadilly; let him contrast the children of Kensington and Bow! He said that when he was young he was perhaps "more of a Socialist" than many of the Trade Unionists. (How deeply to be regretted is the sterilising materialism which too often comes with age!) He argued:—"*If it were possible to have complete Socialisation, and to run everything for the State, and divide it all, either according to our numbers—which no one, I think, dreams of—or according to our work, it might be done, but if you are not going to do that, then you must do something to keep up credit . . . you cannot have the two systems working together.*"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer imagines that "no one dreams" of the apportionment of the means of life according to our numbers, but how otherwise can we justly share the housing, the food, clothes, education, all that is necessary and desirable to humankind? We do not want a system of Socialism which shall be a mere creation of new terms and in essentials shall leave matters as they are; the rich and leisured financiers, merchant princes, and aristocrats becoming the State officials, and the labourers and their children remaining still the disinherited mob. In blind self-satisfaction men assert that their natural superiority has given them a claim to softer living than these, their fellows. Who shall decide which of these children is the worthier? Who shall dare to choose between them, saying: "This child is fitted for a life of harsh soul-crushing privation. It shall be robbed of all joy and comfort, born in an overcrowded tenement; its starving mother shall wish to kill it before its birth, and she shall suckle it for more than two years because it is cheaper to let it feed on her own substance than to buy milk for it and because of her terror lest another mouth should be added to those which are contending for the meagre allowance of food; this child shall grow up mishapen and rickety; at school it shall always be hungry, at work always ailing till the day of its early death." Who dare consign a child to such a fate of misery? This is the fate to which millions of children are now inevitably born.

In order that we may the more efficiently kill or starve the men, women, and children who are called our enemies; and that in the last death-throes of the War of attrition, we may be able to hang on for a little while when the opposing peoples fall back in exhaustion, the Conscription of Labour is demanded. It is desired for this reason and also to keep the labouring people from learning too much independence from the knowledge that there are three jobs for a man instead of three men for a job. If peace were restored; if private profits were abolished; if the hideous inequalities and the martyrdom of children which to-day disgrace our civilisation were banished; if the Government could say to us: "We have distributed to the workers all the shoes, all the bread, all the poetry, and having done so, we find that of such things there are" too many and of such things there are too few; then we should gladly accede to the call of the Government to volunteer for the necessary re-adjustment of work—then, and not till then.

In these days we meet to honour one who was born from amongst the disinherited,—Keir Hardie, a man whom the rulers of the country feared, and fearing vilified. Matching him with themselves, they knew him to be in every aspect their superior, towering above them in moral grandeur and in breadth of intellect. Two material gifts only the fates gave to him; they set the place of his birth away from the de-vitalising air of the great cities; they made him the first child of his mother, so that he came to her before her young spirit was beaten down and her frame overburdened with too much toil. But these were the only material privileges extended to him. His mother worked in the fields to maintain him in his babyhood. He grew to manhood in a home of privations and saw two of his little brothers, starved of life's treasures, die as the East End babies die. In Glasgow he began as a little lad of eight years old, to work for his living, and found himself, still a child, the sole bread-winner of the household when the father fell out of work. After nursing his mother through the night on which another baby was born to her, and going to work without food in the morning, he was called to the well-covered breakfast table of his employer to be dismissed for being a few minutes late. Falsely indeed to Keir Hardie sounded the timorous excuses of those who fear that if Socialism, with its share and share alike for all of us, should come to-morrow the usual breakfast coffee and the eggs and bacon might not be served as comfortably as of yore!

The War has led many of the workers to forget the lessons Keir Hardie taught them, but he planted a tree which shall not die.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

### A BLOT ON WOMAN'S 'SCUTCHEON.

The English women of the International Union of Catholic Women's Leagues have declined an invitation sent out by Countess Wodzicka, of Russia, to a conference in Switzerland to discuss the part the affiliated Leagues should play in "the present peace movement." They refuse to meet German women "so long as the crimes . . . . committed by the German Government remain unrepented and unatoned for." How do the British women know that the German women have not offered prayers of atonement for such crimes? Have the English women catholics disavowed the use of boiling oil? These women are tearing more scraps of paper from the Bible by their refusal to follow the Pope's move for Peace.

### PEACE RUMOURS.

There is a rumour abroad that Peace is about to be made, and that an armistice will be declared within four weeks' time. What rejoicing there would be if only this were true!

The longing for Peace is growing everywhere. For some time it has been apparent that unrest is rapidly spreading in Italy. The people grow restive for lack of food, and when food rioting starts it always turns to Peace rioting. Very striking was the refusal of the dock labourers at Civita Vecchia to unload cargoes of grain as a protest against the the War, though this grain meant bread for Italy.

* * * *

The French Socialists have refused to join the Coalition Government. It is a significant fact that their refusal is based on their dislike of the Foreign Minister, M. Ribot.

* * * *

The speech of the French Prime Minister on September 18th *might* mean the conscription of all labour, both of men and women, and the nationalisation of industry and conscription of wealth. But most probably it does not.

### RUSSIA.

The Korniloff rebellion appears to be at an end, but its lessons remain and it is not likely to be the last Russian rebellion. In this country it has been widely assumed that Korniloff's object was to secure a more vigorous prosecution of the war; but the "Berner Tagwacht" (Swiss Socialist), August 31st, quoting the "Vossiche Zeitung" in support of the view, asserts that Korniloff is "a man who would like to place himself in the name of the Army at the head of a movement for Peace." Be that as it may, we must repeat the opinion which we have expressed in these columns since the first news of the Revolution reached us that the only way to safeguard the Revolution is to make peace. As War hardships increase the peace longing of the people will grow upon them, and even should the promise to make peace come from the Czardom which made the War there will be the tendency to answer: "Yes, replace your chains upon us for anything would be more bearable than this." But Counter-Revolution will not come thus openly: it will disguise itself with many arts. The recent elections show that Socialists still command a majority, so that there is reason to be hopeful for the future.

### HOUSE OF LORDS "REFORM."

Mr. Walter Hudson, M.P., has been appointed as the Labour representative at the Second Chamber Conference. We hope this does not mean that the Labour Party will agree to the intended compromise in spite of Mr. Henderson's statement at the Blackpool Congress! Pass resolutions and agitate for the abolition of the House of Lords.

# QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

## FOOD

The Food Conference organised by the London Food Vigilance Committee was well attended, the Co-operative movement providing the largest proportion of the delegates. The resolutions were rather dull and indefinite. Men delegates formed the majority and did most of the speaking, although this is a woman's question, but those of the women delegates who spoke made up for their fewness by refraining from mere rhetoric and denunciation and by making definite suggestions. A woman representative of the N.U.C. urged that food kitchens should not be confined to the poorer neighbourhoods but should be established everywhere. She wanted jellies and trifles to be served as part of their bill of fare, as she thought such things light and nourishing for everyone. Mrs. Butler, Tottenham Trades Council, on the other hand, declared that the women did not care about communal kitchens, they wanted "the grub in their own kitchens," Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, W.S.F., called attention to the Sugar Registration Card, saying the food control department seemed more inclined to control the people than the profiteer. Why was it necessary to give minute details of occupation or to name the children's school? She did not think a goods porter would get any more sugar than a booking clerk. She thought the register was being prepared with a view to industrial conscription. She thought that the Food Vigilance Committee ought to approach the Government on this matter in conjunction with the Labour Party and Trade Union Congress. She did not think it advisable that the Government should be provided with particulars as to the occupations of the people in view of the desire to conscribe labour. She called attention to the New Orders which give food control committees power to open milk depots and make regulations concerning the quality of the supply, the district organisation of the supply and the order by which children and invalids might be served first in case of shortage. An effort should be made to enforce these powers to the full and to eliminate private profit from the distribution of milk and other commodities. She called attention to the arrangements made by the Belgian Relief Commission. Mrs Drake rose to her feet many times but could not catch the chairman's eye.

At the Labour War Emergency Committee Meeting on August 9th, Mr. Tom Quelch moved the following interesting resolution, which was defeated :—

"(1) The powers of food control shall be vested in a Joint Committee representative of the Government and the Co-operative Societies.

"(2) That the Co-operative Societies be induced, if necessary with the aid of a Government subsidy, to establish sufficient distributing stores and agencies throughout the country to meet the requirements of the whole people.

"(3) That all purchasers of commodities become automatically members of Co-operative Societies."

Sir R. Borden seems to be the latest recruit to the view that an international tribunal must be established as an insurance against future wars. He said that if the peoples had absolute control of their own affairs a means to this end could be found and international tribunals be established. Is he prepared to lend a hand towards securing these desirable things now? By these means the War could be ended; will he help?

## STARTLING IRISH NEWS

The Mitchelstown Aeridheacht, at which Mr. Ginnell was to speak, was proclaimed by the British military authorities at the last moment. In support of the proclamation—we quote from the "Daily Independent" of Monday—"Over 200 police, under the command of the Co. Inspector and 5 District Inspectors, were drafted into the town, together with a large force of military. Armoured cars and a motor ambulance paraded the streets, machine-guns were placed at various points of vantage in the town, and military snipers were posted on several trees in the neighbourhood."

Thus the great war for Democracy and the Rights of Small Nations is being waged by England.—From "Nationality," September 15th, 1917.

## ALIENS' DEPENDANTS

In our account of the mission of the Lithuanian delegates from Glasgow, Miss Serafin and Mrs. Lebedis, we published the statement of these ladies that the wives and dependants of friendly Aliens enlisting in the British Army would have to wait until naturalisation is allowed after three months before getting separation allowances. As a fact, however, separation allowances are payable from the time of enlistment. We understand that the mistake has arisen because so many of the women have had to wait three months before getting allowances through, though arrears were then paid from the date of enlistment.

## GOING BACK TO RUSSIA

The impression is abroad that the Russian subjects who elected to return to Russia and left London three weeks ago are still in Liverpool. Their friends complain that letters fail to reach them, and they think that their freedom of action is being unduly interfered with.

## GLASGOW MOULDERS

The Glasgow moulders some time ago applied for an advance of 15s. a week in their wages. The application was referred to the Committee on Production, which awarded 3s. The moulders took this as an insult and approached the Executive of their trade union, but the Executive was not prepared to move in the matter. An emergency committee of moulders was therefore formed and at a mass meeting held on September 9th, it was agreed to stop work on September 13th. It was also agreed that if any of the strikers should be seized by the military, the strike would continue until those who had been taken should return to civil life. Discontent is rampant and trouble may arise at any time.

## MISS HODGE'S LECTURES

In our advertisement columns will be found an announcement of an interesting series of lectures on "Woman and Revolution: Two Centuries of European History," by Miss Margaret Hodge. Her syllabus shows that the series will be full of interest. Friends should write to Miss Hodge, 13 Temple Fortune Court, Golder's Green, for a copy.

## WANTED: HEROIC MEN

P. J. Dollan.

And so the dear old Woman's Dreadnought has become The Workers' Dreadnought, and in future is to fight the battle for all humanity and not for one sex only. The change was inevitable considering that the paper has made the cause of all mankind its own and at all times and on no occasion has it pandered to that sex distinction which, when over-emphasised in reform movements, is apt to create dissension where unity is desirable and imperative if progress is to be made. Women's wrongs are men's wrongs just as men's wrongs are women's wrongs. Capitalism is the common enemy of both sexes, and can only be destroyed when it is attacked by both sexes in co-operative action.

The Workers' Dreadnought will be as fearless as the "Woman's Dreadnought" was, and will sail into the fleets of the enemy as bravely as its forerunner. The "Woman's Dreadnought," which showed a bravery in defying the putes and tyrants which no other journal has surpassed, and which only a few—a very few—have equalled. As the Workers' Dreadnought it will continue to fight for the human suffrage as the elementary basis of human rights and it will be no party to a base compromise which keeps women from the rights of citizenship until they have reached the "age of discretion."

Those who deny votes to all women do so because they are afraid of women. They shut women out from the franchise just as a citizen shuts and locks his door at night.

The Government imprisons the conscientious objector because it is afraid of him and the idea behind him, just as it punishes the man who defies the property basis of society for the same reasons. All Governments punish because they are afraid; and, in the same way men keep women from the franchise because they are afraid that women enfranchised will revenge their wrongs. The task then which advocates of human suffrage have to face is that of making men brave enough to admit women as equals into the circle of citizenship. When the majority of men are heroes the human suffrage will become a reality, for, it is inconceivable that heroic men could suffer an injustice to women to remain in their land.

## WOMEN'S PEACE CRUSADE

The Women's Peace Crusade in Scotland is having a remarkable success, and large and enthusiastic audiences await the speakers in most towns. In many places new ground has been broken by the Women Crusaders, who are more brave in their efforts than were the Crusaders of old. Moreover, they have a better cause, for, whereas the ancient Crusaders fought to impose Christianity on the "heathen," our Women Crusaders reason with the multitude, so that the Christians may return from barbarism to Christianity. The support given to the Crusade has surpassed the most optimistic hopes, while the enthusiasm of the women has given a new life to the Pacifist cause. So far, not one meeting has been a failure, and, while in a few instances there has been opposition, it has been easily quelled. At any rate, every meeting has been carried through to the end, and the literature sales and collections have beaten all the records for Scottish propaganda. On Sunday the women made a new venture and distributed peace literature to the congregations of churches in Cambuslang, Govan, Govanhill, Johnstone, Partick, Paisley, Shettleston, Bridgeton, and Dennistoun.—P. J. D.

Mrs. Sandeforth writes:—"From beginning to end the Bradford Peace Demonstration exceeded our highest hopes. The banners were an inspiration, and seemed to express many an unspoken thought. Two beautiful ones were made by one of our members who is a cripple, but withal an active worker in the cause. Scores of women joined the procession as it passed until the number reached 2,000. Mrs. Snowden was the principal speaker. The faces in the crowd were a study in psychology. As they listened to her powerful appeal, one was reminded of Goldsmith's lines, "Those who came to scoff remained to pray." Hundreds of women inquired for the forms to fill in their names as sympathisers with the Crusade, and the resolution was carried with only two dissentients, practically everyone voting."

## HEALTH VISITORS: A NURSE'S VIEW

Dear Editor,—Health visitors call at the homes and ask the mothers all sorts of questions as to their personal affairs, such as: "What rent do you pay?" "What wages does your husband get?" and "Is he good to you?" I cannot see what good such questions do. Usually these mothers are only visited once by the health visitor, who just asks these questions and does not call again until the next baby comes on the scene. If the health visitors are going to do the good work that is intended, they should get to know the mother by telling her about feeding baby and showing her, if the child is bottle fed, how to prepare its food and how to clean the bottles. While doing this, the nurse makes friends, and then the mother will tell her all she would like her to know. I think the mothers ought to be visited frequently, and if any good is going to be done the visitors will have to be friendly and not so officious, for the mothers are really frightened of them. Moreover, why should not the father take his share with the babies and children? I think a few talks and lessons to them might do good, and perhaps they would better realise what a wife and mother has to contend with. Amongst the majority of families I come in contact with, all the responsibility lies with the mother, and the father goes scot free. He only just earns the money, and then he thinks he has done his share.—Yours, etc., Nurse E. H. Cunliffe.

## OUR £1 CARD

Cards to help to collect our last year's deficit may be procured from 400 Old Ford Road, E.3. Cards have already been returned by :—

J. Polishuk, London, £2; Miss Bennett, Bow, £1 8s. 6d.; the Countess of Warwick, Essex, £1; Miss Balchin, Peckham, £1; Miss Turner, Brighton, £1; Miss Gittens, Leicester, £1; Miss M. A. Barker, Midlothian, 11s.; Miss N. L. Smyth, Bow, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. Beedham, Herts, 10s.; S. J. Kibble, Esq., Leith, 10s.; Miss M. E. Anderson, Surbiton, 10s.; E. H. Johncock, Esq., Rhinefield Camp, 5s. 4d.; Mrs. Leigh Rothwell, Hants, 5s.; Miss M. Hoy, Cheshire, 4s.; Miss Molloy, Falkirk, 3s.; Mrs. Saxby, Cowes, 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," Galway, 2s.; Irishwomen's Reform League, Dublin, 2s.; W. Emmerson, Esq., Sunderland, 1s. 3d.

# ANOTHER C.O. TORTURED

J. B. Saunders, arrested in May 1916, was taken to Edinburgh, where he gave in, joined R.S.F. and was promoted eventually to Lance Corporal. The conviction, which had never entirely left him, that it would be wrong for him to take human life, became stronger, and when sent home on furlough in October 1916, he absented himself, and was re-arrested and taken to Portobello, where he was sentenced by court-martial to one year's detention. He served three months at Barlinnie Military Detention Barracks—was then returned to Portobello, and from there sent to France, where he was court-martialled for refusing to carry equipment—given seven days' detention, sent to Alexandria, which he reached on the 14th April 1917.

Extracts from letter from J. B. Saunders to his wife, written from Alexandria, 26th August, 1917 :—

"I was kicked out of Gabarree Prison on Saturday 18th August, and since then I have been in this camp. I want you to understand once and for all that I am doing nothing. I will not submit to conscription . . . . You remember I said I would face the music. You may believe me when I say that I am not afraid of anything the military can do. I have been in chains and handcuffs, crucified to a tree full in this broiling sun nearly every morning and evening, for 5 months bread and water and solitary confinement. I refused to do any work whatever so I leave you to guess what 5 months alone in a cell doing nothing is like. Seven times I went down with dysentry and seven times I managed to get on my feet and face the music. I fainted and had to be driven away in a barrow. This tropical sun and chaining up nearly drove me mad. I stuck it and got finally bowled out and was sent to the 19th General Schools Hospital for 17 days. I was offered R.A.M.C. work, I refused it and asked to be sent back to prison to do full 6 months. I left hospital next day and was doing 7 days No. 1, P.O. chained up in the sun &c., when suddenly I had the chains taken off and I was released. They have discovered at last that they cannot break me. They failed at Barlinnie and I intend them to fail here. I am determined to sacrifice all rather then give in. Many times I thought I should hang in the sun and die. I pleaded with the sentry to shoot me. I cannot tell you the misery of it all . . . . . I'll die 50 times rather than endorse the wicked thing. I have several friends here . If I am to be flattened out they can do it in jail. They can have my body; my mind I would destroy rather than allow the Military Cult to take it. I was flooded for weeks in my cell with water, two buckets of creasol were thrown in and I was gassed. I was naked for several days and nights in chains. I had to lie on the concrete floor. However, I believe the doctor stopped these horrible proceedings . . . . . "

Out of 4,584 C.O.s, only 191 men have given in.

### THE HOME OFFICE SCHEME.

The Conscientious Objectors' Committee at Princetown issues a statement pointing out that those who accepted the Home Office Scheme did so believing they would thereby perform work of real value to Society under normal civil conditions. But they find on the contrary that the work is economically wasteful and, both in its character and the conditions under which it is carried on, is the same as that given to the Dartmoor convicts. A curiously mocking feature of the business is that the C.O.s who accept the Home Office scheme are granted the King's Pardon! The C.O.s rightly urge that men employed under the Home Office scheme should have the same legal status as ordinary civilians, who have received exemption from the Military Service Tribunals; and that they should not be liable to be returned to prison except after trial in open Court before a Magistrate, and with the usual right of appeal.

**NEXT WEEK. Every reader will receive gratis**

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**The W.S.F.** appeals for members and workers and invites friends to visit its offices and social institutions.

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**Donations to be sent to the Hon. Financial Secretary, Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3**

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### GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED

GENERAL FUND.—Mrs. Kinton, £2 15s.; Miss E. M. Morgan (5s. weekly), £1; "Anon," £1; Miss H. E. Raisin (monthly), 5s.; Rathmell Wilson, Esq., 5s.; Miss Vera Chinn, 1s. 5d.; H. Bowman, Esq., 1s.; Mrs. D. Ovis, 1s.; Mrs. L. Burford, 1s.; Miss P. Wootstein, 1s.; "Rejected," 1s. COLLECTIONS: Profit on Bow Social, £3 0s. 4d.; Blackpool Meeting, per Miss S. Pankhurst, 10s. 7d.; per Mrs. Cressall, 8s. 0½d.; sale of fruit, 3s. 9d.; Osborn Street, 2s. 6½d.

PEACE.—Hon. Mrs. Rollo Russell, £1; "From Somebody Who Wishes Luck to the Women's Peace Crusade, 5s.; Leo Frenssen, Esq., 10d.

"DREADNOUGHT" FUND.—Miss M. C. Gittens, £1; "Anon," 10s.; Miss A. Thomas, 5s.; Mrs. Leigh Rothwell, 5s.; Miss F. Haughton, 5s.; Miss Joyce, 5s.; Mrs. Hylda Ball, 5s.; Mrs. Wallis, 5s.; A. H. Knight, Esq., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Richmond (fortnightly), 2s.; J. Corlett, Esq., 2s.; Irishwomen's Reform League, 2s.; Mrs. Saxby, 1s. 3d.; Miss Salter, 1s. 3d.; M'ss Osman, 1s. 3d.; H. B. Ogden, Esq., B.A., 1s.

GUARANTEE FUND. — Previously acknowledged: Weekly, £1 9s. 6d.; monthly, £ 1s. 6d.; half-yearly, £1; Mrs. Kinton (5s. monthly), £2 5s.; Miss M. Lester (5s. weekly), £1; Mrs. Middleton (1s. weekly), 15s.; Miss W. Helsby (1s. weekly), 12s.; Nurse Connolly, 1s. (weekly); Miss Lister, 6d. (weekly); Miss Shipstone, 6d. (weekly).

MILK AND GENERAL DISTRESS.—Mr. and Mrs. Sadd Browne (£3 monthly), £9; Mrs. Tennant, £2 2s.; Miss Turner, £2; Misses Gulland (monthly), £1 10s.; Miss Mabel Morgan, £1; Nurse Hebbes (weekly), 12s.; Mrs. Richmond (fortnightly), 10s.; Mrs. Taylor, 10s.; Miss J. T. Drewry (monthly), 5s.; "Anon," 5s.; Miss F. M. Prentice, 3s.; Miss White, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. MacLaglan, 2s. 6d.; Dorothy, 1s.; Mrs. F. Thomas, 1s. COLLECTIONS: L.S.A., £2 5s. 11½d. and £1 12s.; Misses Lagsding and Barker (Cubitt Town), 12s.; Mrs. Crabb, 9s. 1½d.; Mrs. Bertram and Miss Watts (Green's Yard), 6s. 2½d.; Mrs. Bertram, 6s.

FRUIT.—J. R. T.

## LEEDS

LEEDS.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Hunter, 7 Sugdenfold, Armley. Branch meeting, Clarion Café, Tuesdays, 8 p.m. DREADNOUGHTS sold, 104.

## WHAT'S ON?
### W.S.F. FIXTURES
### OUTDOOR

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21st.
Deptford Broadway, 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Drake.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd.
Meetings, 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.—See "Great Push."
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd.
Osborn Street, Whitechapel, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
"The Flagstaff," Hampstead, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Walker.
Hyde Park, Marble Arch, 5.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th.
Walham Green (joint meeting with "Herald" League), 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.
Cannon Street Road, 7 p.m., Mrs. Cressall.
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th.
Highbury Corner, 7 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th.
Meetings, 3 p.m. and 6 p.m.—See "Great Push."

### INDOOR

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24th.
53 St. Leonard's Street, 2.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26th.
Poplar Women's Hall, 20 Railway Street, 8.15 p.m., Mr. Bracher: "Peace." Chair, Miss Lagsding.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th.
St. Stephen's Shop, 85 Hoxton Street, 8.30 p.m., Mrs. Cole: "War and Socialism."

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES IN THE BOW WOMEN'S HALL, 400, OLD FORD ROAD, ON MONDAYS 8 P.M.

**Sept. 24th—Mrs. Bessie Ward: "Anarchism or State Control." Chair, Mrs. Walker.**
Oct. 1st.—Mrs. Rosa Hobhouse: Chair, Mrs. Bouvier.
Oct. 8th—Mrs. Ewer: "National Guilds." Chair. Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.
Oct. 15th—Mrs. Cedar Paul: "Militarism and Birth Control." Chair. Mrs Drake.
Oct. 22nd—Mr. Ph. Frankford: "The Coming Day." Chair, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.
Oct. 29th—Mr. Fred Hughes: "Should Women be Paid the Same as Men?" Chair, Mrs. Cole.

LECTURES, MUSIC AND RECITATIONS, AT THE BOW BATHS, ROMAN ROAD, ON SUNDAYS AT 7.30 P.M.

Nov. 4th—Rev. G. T. Sadler: "The World Religion." Chair,
Nov. 11th—Mr. Miles Malleson will read one of his Plays. Chair, Mrs. Scurr.
Nov. 18th—Mr. E. C. Fairchild: "The Religion of the Future." Chair, Mrs Walker.
Nov. 25th—Lady Margaret Sackville: "Scotch Ballads." Chair,
Dec. 3rd—Rev. R. W. Sorensen: "Our New War." Chair, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.
ADMISSION FREE. DISCUSSION INVITED. REFRESHMENTS AT POPULAR PRICES.
Dec. 10th—Social and Dance. Musicial programme arranged by Mrs. Hercbergova.
Admission by ticket, price six pence.

SYLLABUS OF LECTURES IN THE EMERSON CLUB 19, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, W.C. ON THURSDAYS AT 7.30 P.M.

Sept. 27th—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst: "The Future of Parliamentary Government." Chair, Mrs. Cressall.
Oct. 4th—Miss M. O'Callaghan: "Independence or Colonial Home Rule for Ireland." Chair, Mr. Jim Connell.
Oct. 11th—Mr. W. F. Watson: "Problems of Demobilisation and How to Solve Them." Chair, Mrs. Drake.
Oct. 18th—Miss Muriel Matters: "Montessori." Chair, Dr. Barbara Tchaykovsky.
Nov. 1st—Mrs. Rosa Hobhouse: Chair, Edward Fuller.
Nov. 8th—Mrs Ewer: "Industrial Unionism." Chair, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.
Nov. 15th—Mr. Fred Hughes: "Education, a Socialist View." Chair, Mr. S. Redgrove, B.Sc.
Nov. 22nd—Rev. H. Chalmers: "The World War and the Churches." Chair, Miss P. Lynch.
Nov. 29th—Mr. Miles Malleson will read selections from his works. Chair, Miss N. Smyth.
Dec. 6th—Mr. Fred Shaw: "Free Trade or Paris Conference Proposals." Chair, Mrs. Walker.
Dec. 13th—Mrs. Cole: "Flashlights on the War." Chair, Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.
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### OTHER ORGANISATIONS

KINGSLEY HALL, BOW.—Sunday, 23rd, 8.15 p.m. Speaker, Mrs. Despard.

**BRITISH DOMINIONS WOMAN SUFFRAGE UNION LECTURES 1917-1918.**
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## FEDERATION NOTES
### BIG PUSH.

The first meetings we have held in Camberwell have been very encouraging. We were warned that the Anti-German League had had posters put out about us, but we saw neither the posters nor the League. At the meeting held on Peckham Rye, Saturday, 15th, 3 p.m., there were some wounded soldiers who were inclined to heckle at first, but afterwards, in private conversation with some of our members, agreed with all our speakers had said. One elderly gentleman wished to know where we would have been if the boys had not gone to the front to protect us from German aeroplanes. Another thought the best way to work for peace was to persuade the soldiers of all countries to lay down their arms.

In the evening, near Camberwell Green, a most enthusiastic meeting was held. A Trade Unionist said that he envied people who live in Bow, because it is alive; Camberwell was dead, and needed resurrecting. He thought the branch of the W.S.F. which will shortly be started in Camberwell would be a great help. Many DREADNOUGHTS were sold, a collection taken, and we were asked to come again soon.

### PEACE PICKETS.

On Sunday, 16th, we went for the first time to Westminster Abbey with our banners. The people going in to service were almost without exception very sympathetic. One gentleman said: "God bless you!"; another, "Bravo, that's good work!" A French officer saluted the pickets: children ran across the road to read the banners and tell their parents that "War is murder" and "The Soldiers in the Trenches Long for Peace." If only the churchgoers would practise the good that has been preached for so many years the need for our peace work would soon be ended.

We need new banners, especially some particularly suited to church pickets. A friend has offered to paint them if others will pay for the material. All subscriptions should be sent to Miss Norah Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow. Will those who wish to take part in the picket send in their names to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.

### BRANCHES.
### PORTSMOUTH.

Members of our Portsmouth Branch are busy attending War Aims meetings and distributing our Peace and People's Charter leaflets at them. They have awakened a great deal of interest and excitement. We hope other branches will follow this good example.

### BECKENHAM.

Mr. and Mrs. Hambling, 24 Hayne Road, Beckenham, are anxious to arrange some W.S.F. meetings in Beckenham. They want help in canvassing, distributing leaflets, selling DREADNOUGHTS, etc.

### BOW.

The Bow Club and Dancing Class are starting again. We hope members will attend regularly, as we wish to start working for the Christmas Exhibition. In future, Bow Branch business will be transacted at the beginning of the Monday evening meetings, which are commencing on Monday next, September 24th, at 8 p.m., when Mrs. Bessie Ward is speaking. Mrs. Walker will be in the chair. We hope that all members in the Eastern district will make a point of attending, as these are speakers of very great interest.

### EXHIBITION.

We are arranging an "Old Cockney Fair" in Bow Baths on December 15th. Poplar and Central Branches have each undertaken a stall already. We want all members to start working at once, so that we may have many well-stocked stalls.

### BULWELL W.S.F.

BULWELL.—This branch has had an open-air meeting every Sunday evening since Mrs. Walker's recent visit, and now that the summer is drawing to a close indoor meetings are being arranged. The branch sent delegates to a joint meeting of Labour organisations to adopt a Labour candidate last week. The branch hopes to affiliate with the Nottingham Trades Council shortly. A Reading Circle, with open debates, is being organised by the members, who desire to equip themselves for further usefulness and to train themselves as speakers. The officers are:—Secretary, Mr. Lawr; Treasurer, Mrs. Pipkin; Minute Secretary, Miss Elsie Smith; DREADNOUGHT Secretary, Miss Pipkin; Chairman, Mr. Croft; Vice-Chairman, Miss Emily Smith; Press Secretary, Mr. Boswell.

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Meetings: 3 p.m. and 6 p.m. Speakers: Mrs. BOUVIER, Mrs. NELLIE BEST, Miss LYNCH, Mrs. WALKER, Rev. R. W. SORENSEN and Ex-Inspector SYME.

Printed by the Blackfriars Press Ltd., 8 and 9 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4, and Published by the Workers' Suffrage Federation, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E3.

# THE AUTOCRAT NICHOLAS I.

## By LEO TOLSTOY

*(A translation by Mrs. Constance Garnett of the original text—a censored chapter in Tolstoy's posthumous novel, "Hadji-Murat"—which has recently appeared in Petrograd.)*

WHILE Nikolay, sitting in the royal box at the Grand Theatre, was admiring at once the well-drilled movements of the ballet dancers lifting in unison eighty muscular legs clad in tights, and the female contours of those ballet dancers, at that very moment hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of people—mothers, wives, fathers, children—were suffering, enduring terrible moral anguish by the orders of that one man.

Good-hearted, highly educated, intelligent people, the best men in Russia, guilty of nothing but having tried to save Russia from the brutal tyranny of the Araktcheevs and their like, and, to their own disadvantage, to give freedom to millions and millions of slaves reduced to the position of brutes by the inhuman landowners, had been pining for years in fortress cells, going out of their minds and dying of consumption. Pining and perishing in prison and in exile lay tens of thousands of Poles, the best men of their country, simply for having tried to live in accordance with the ancient traditions of their people, for having loved their fatherland and for having been ready to sacrifice everything to attain their ends. Thousands of men had been beaten to death for clinging to the faith of their fathers, and for refusing to profess the religion forced upon them by the government.

Hundreds of thousands of soldiers were perishing through senseless discipline, drills, reviews, manœuvres and still more senseless and cruel wars against men who were defending their freedom in Poland, in Hungary, in the Caucasus. All this was done by the will of this one man, he alone was unquestionably responsible for it all, and he could not but have known it, since he knew that all these atrocities were being committed at his command. If anything were being done not by his direct orders he could have stopped what was being done. And if he did not stop it he could not but have known that he was responsible for the crimes that were being committed. He was unquestionably responsible for those awful crimes and yet he was quite sincerely convinced that he was not a criminal but was the benefactor of his people and

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of all humanity, that he was sacrificing himself in the service of his people and of all humanity. How was this? How could this terrible darkness have gained possession of this man's soul and made him take his criminal life for an heroic example of self-sacrifice and a model of virtue?

The lying, sensual, cruel Pharisee whom he called his benefactor, his brother of *blessed memory*, the parricide who, with the help of Araktcheev, did to death thousands of men, declaring that he would pave the road from Tchudovo to Petersburg with corpses before he would agree to give up the absurd idea of military settlements, thought himself just as great. And his unhappy and insane father thought the same of himself; his horrible grandmother, the adulteress who killed her husband, who could be moved by nothing but vanity and the abominable caprices of old age, spoiled and flattered by all around her, not only thought herself as great as they did, but imagined she was a hundred times better than anyone in the world. And the stupid German, Nikolay's grandfather, crazed like all the rest of them by power and the flattery that accompanies it and murdered by the lovers of his depraved wife, thought himself just as great and as sinless. And in the same way all the vicious, stupid, illiterate females who reigned between his time and Peter's were proud of their loathsome lives instead of being ashamed of them. And still more convinced of his superiority over all men was the drunken, debauched, godless, syphilitic Peter, who used to chop off the heads of the Stryeltsi with his own hands for amusement, who had a drawer for vodka bottles made in the shape of the gospel and a cross made of tobacco pipes, who used to drive about among the people blaspheming the name of Christ while he genuinely believed himself to be the benefactor of his people.

In the same way Nikolay was convinced of this.

If a people is once in such a condition that it needs for its social life rulers who are ready to torture, rob, and murder, such people are bound to exist. To enable people to do such horrible deeds they must be so corrupted in mind and in heart as to be blind to all the evil they are committing and to regard as good deeds the cruel and horrible things which must be done to men in order to govern them.

There is only one explanation of this strange phenomenon; that those that are exalted in men's eyes, that is, the people who stand at the pinnacle of grandeur, are always the worst people in the world is not an accident. It is an eternal, unquestionable law, that he who stands at the pinnacle of earthly grandeur must be a man thoroughly corrupt, and it cannot be otherwise.

The mighty who have been rulers of men are usually represented by those over whom they rule, as particularly great and distinguished people. This is due to the flattery by which these people are always surrounded and which is kept up even after their death

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for the benefit of their successors, and to the natural effort of those in subjection to them to diminish their humiliation by glorifying those to whom they are subject. In reality—in the words of the Gospel—"what is great in men's eyes is an abomination in the eyes of the Lord." The men who rule over others far from being the better men are on the contrary bound to be the very worst, the most depraved and sinful men, and the higher they are placed the worse they are. When a soldier standing stick in hand in the ranks, beats the comrade who has been condemned to run the gauntlet, the moral responsibility of that soldier is almost nil. If he refuses to beat him he will be beaten. And so the moral responsibility of the soldier who beats his comrade is almost non-existent. The officer who assists at such a punishment is more responsible. It is true he would lose his secure and comparatively honoured position if he were to refuse to take part in the cruel business, but he runs no risk of physical violence and can find a means of existence, though perhaps a less comfortable existence apart from being an officer. And so the officer is more morally responsible, and to enable himself to take part in this wickedness must be morally corrupted enough to justify himself. The higher the rank of the commanding officer the more secure his position and the more easily he could provide for his livelihood if he did refuse to take part in the punishment, the greater is his moral responsibility and the more thoroughly must his mind and heart be corrupted. A man like a Tsar who loses nothing by refusing to do a cruel, wicked deed and gains nothing from it and yet allows, requires, and decrees evil deeds as Nikolay decreed the execution of the student and thousands of other evil deeds, must be a creature with a mind utterly corrupted and a heart turned to stone.

And such have been and are all rulers of men, and the more so the more despotic their rule; and an extreme example of this was Nikolay Palkin,* as they called him.

For one man to be at that time the absolute ruler of the Russian people, that man had to be a creature who had lost everything human—lying, godless, cruel, ignorant and densely stupid, and a man who not only failed to understand what he was, but was convinced that he was a chivalrous example of truth and justice, a wise ruler, the benefactor of his people, and such was Nikolay. His whole life had been a preparation for that.

From the day of his birth to the last year of his reign, that is for fifty odd years, Nikolay had been exceptionally happy in that worldly sense of the word happy, which understands by it the gratification of desires,—health, wealth, an envied position and success in all undertakings.

The birth of Nikolay—a son after four daughters—was a great happiness to his mother deprived of her elder sons, Alexander and

* A nickname derived from Balka-stick.

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Constantine, who had been taken by Catherine; and this, too, was a source of happiness to the child, who became his mother's favourite.

Another piece of luck was the fact that the child was of exceptional beauty,—big, plump, white, with chubby straight arms and legs. The baby was such a fine one that when Catherine arrived next day at Tsarskoye Syelo and took the grandchild to the light, she shook her head enviously as though hesitating whether she should not take this grandchild too, but the baby broke into a loud angry scream, and she gave him back and did not take him. She did not take him because she did not need him. The elder brothers were eighteen and seventeen respectively. She had found a wife for Alexander already, and looked for children from him. She was about to marry the second boy, too, and so could not have dreamed that she needed this baby as a successor. And he remained in the hands of his mother, who adored him, and the kind-hearted Liven, who spoilt him and looked after him with loving devotion. And this was fortunate for Nikolay. Catherine died the very year of Nikolay's birth; Pavel was killed when Nikolay was five years old, and these circumstances were fortunate for him. Instead of the old harlot with her continual succession of young lovers, and instead of his crazy, menacing, unattractive father, Nikolay came into the power and under the influence of his good-natured attractive elder brother, the Emperor Alexander.

Of his father's murder Nikolay only learnt later on.

It was a bright spring day when his mother, with her tear-stained eyes, came into the younger children's room and, with quivering lips, told them their father was dead. Nikolay did not understand what was meant by dead, but he understood that his mother was unhappy, went up to her, and, taking her large hand, looked up into her face. The mother put her hand on his head, drew him towards her, and began weeping. Nikolay cried, too. Mihail did the same. So that their mother controlled herself, dried her tears and sent the children out to play. A quarter of an hour later both the boys were running with merry shouts after a little boat which floated swaying down the swift stream that ran under the bridge.

Pavel had already made Nikolay Commander-in-Chief of a Cuirassier regiment, and afterwards of an Izmailovsky regiment, and the child knew the uniforms of these regiments, was delighted when he saw them, and was happy when they dressed him up in a little uniform of the Izmailovsky regiment.

He had a little gun and a little sword, and he used to march and do musketry exercise, and used to command his brothers and companions, and as he was strong, adroit and quick in understanding everything military, he did all this excellently better than the others, and was happy in that.

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